

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 406.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS' MYSTERIOUS SHADOW; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE OLD STONE VAULT.

*By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



"We can't escape; the door is fastened!" gasped Harry. A crash behind Old King Brady caused him to turn, still clutching his lantern and the treasure-box. Two doors in the wall had opened and a band of ghostly figures glided into the vault.







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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SHADOW.

"There he is again!"

"Where?"

"Right behind us!"

"You refer to our mysterious shadow, I presume?"

"Sure. Can't we even go out for an evening stroll without having him at our heels?"

"~~So~~ it would seem." *not.*

As he made this reply to the question put by his partner, Old King Brady, the world-famous detective, turned and gave one quick glance at the crowd which trailed behind them along the asphalt bordering the Coney Island beach.

The old detective had no difficulty in spotting the man referred to by Young King Brady.

Both the detectives had seen him before, and within the past two weeks Old King Brady had seen him many times.

He was a small man, dressed in shabby black, with a long Prince Albert coat buttoned tight, without collar or tie about the neck; this method of buttoning suggested that he wore no shirt.

His hair was long and gray, and hung down almost to his shoulders.

His eyes were of the watery, faded blue description, and his nose extraordinarily large.

His height could not have been over five feet six; he wore shoes which might have been rescued from some ash barrel; his hat belonged to the same class—once black, it was now green; once cocked up on the sides and pressed in at the crown, a la Alpine, the crown was now cocked up and the sides hung limp and flapping about a pair of enormous ears.

It need not be imagined that Old King Brady made a study of all these details in that one hasty glance.

He had studied this singular individual before.

"Yes, Harry," he said. "He is my mysterious shadow."

"And that being the case," replied Young King Brady hotly, "it is about time that the mystery was explained."

Old King Brady shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, it will explain itself in due time," he carelessly replied. "For my part, I rather enjoy it."

"I don't then. We have downed too many crooks not to

make a fellow feel afraid that one of these may take a notion to down us."

"My dear boy," replied the old detective, "no crook on earth, at least no American crook, would ever start in on his work of vengeance by tracking me about in that absurd costume. No; the man is a crank, pure and simple. Anybody can see that."

"Even so, cranks are often dangerous. Next thing we know he will be throwing a dynamite bomb at your head."

"I have no fear. Come, let us go up to Dillman's and try one of his famous soft-clam roasts. I will tell you all about it while we eat. Remember, there are those who call me a crank because I do not choose to dress like the rest of mankind."

"And that's no dream," laughed Young King Brady.

They turned aside and walked back from the beach to Ike Dillman's famous little restaurant, where many think clams are cooked to perfection.

Old King Brady's remark was certainly true enough.

The old detective when not in disguise always affects a peculiar style of dress.

He wears a long blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big white felt hat with an unusually broad brim.

This, of course, makes the old detective a marked man to a certain extent.

Why he persists in adhering to this odd costume nobody knows.

Knowing that it was quite useless to attempt to draw his partner out, Young King Brady said no more about the "mysterious shadow."

The detectives talked of other matters until they were well started on the roast soft clams.

When he got good and ready Old King Brady broached the subject of his own accord.

"You have now seen this singular individual for the second time, Harry," was his remark.

"Yes. Last night, when he trailed us home from the office, was the first."

"Exactly. Having been away for two weeks on your southern trip, you could not expect to have previously enjoyed that pleasure. It began the day after you left."

"Where did you first see him?"

"He was standing on Park Row across the way from our office, staring up at the windows."

"So? Next?"

"Next was while on my way home. He followed me to the door. He has done so every night since."



"Great Scott! Has he run you as close as that?"  
 "Just as close."  
 "It is time that something was done. Have you never tried to speak to him?"  
 "Certainly. Three times."  
 "Well?"

"The moment I turn on him he walks away so rapidly that without going on the run I have been unable to catch up with him."

"You bet I would catch up with him, then."

"No doubt; but I haven't cared to make a scene with the fellow. I want to find out what he means by his operations, and the only way to do it is to let him alone."

"I don't agree with you. The thing should be looked into. Have you ever seen him during the day?"

"A dozen times. Twice on Wall street, once away out near Jamaica. Again in Jersey City, and so on."

"Still trailing you?"

"That is the singular part of it. Each time I have seen him, except on the occasion when he has shadowed me home, it has only been for a minute. The minute I look at him he vanishes, and has not shown up again until I get to the office in the evening, when I find him at his old post on the other side of Park Row, looking up at the windows as before."

"Vanishes? How vanishes? That sounds weird. Surely our mysterious shadow is no ghost."

"No, no! Nothing of that sort of nonsense. The fellow has simply managed to take himself off. Once he jumped on a passing trolley."

"That time you might have got him."

"Perhaps I might also have broken my neck. Again he darted into a doorway. I followed that time, but he was not there. Perhaps I got the wrong doorway. At all events, I did not search the house."

"Governor, I insist upon interviewing the fellow."

"All right; try it. I have no objection. You are quicker in your movements than I am, and—look! There he is now!"

Back of Dillman's is a little grove of ailanthus trees, beneath which Ike roasts his clams in rude stone ovens.

The window near which the Bradys sat was open, and the old detective, chancing to look out, saw the shadow standing under the trees peering in at them.

"I'll get him if it takes a leg," whispered Harry.

He sprang up and was off like a shot.

Old King Brady watched the shadow.

For a minute the man did not move.

Harry appeared.

The shadow turned and went off into the darkness.

Old King Brady finished his clams, and lit a cigar.

He had nearly finished it before his partner returned, hot and flushed.

"Well?" demanded the old detective, "what did he have to say for himself?"

"Didn't get him," replied Harry, dropping into a chair.

"As I thought. What became of him?"

"Blest if I know."

"Ah, ha! The old man is not such a fool, after all."

"I saw him walk off. He went like a blue streak, and yet he did not run. I ran, though. It is dark back there. I managed to trip over the chain of an old rowboat which lay bottom upward on the sand."

"And fell?"

"Went sprawling."

"And when you got on your feet again, no shadow?"

"No shadow, as you say."

"Exactly. I haven't told you all my experiences. There seems to be a fatality about it. I have simply been unable to come up with that man."

"You bet I'll do it, though. Give me a cigar; mine are all gone."

"Finish your clams."

"Don't want 'em. My appetite is gone. Let's go home."

Young King Brady was vexed, and the pleasure of the evening was spoiled.

At the time of which we write the famous detectives had no case.

Finding themselves with time on their hands, which is rather unusual, Old King Brady suggested a drive to Coney Island.

At five o'clock they accordingly crossed to Brooklyn, and hiring a horse and buggy at the livery stable nearest the bridge, they drove through Prospect Park and down the Boulevard.

The intention had been to take in the evening concert at Brighton Beach.

This was solely on Harry's account.

Personally Old King Brady cares nothing for music, and rather prefers a hurdy-gurdy to a brass band.

Thus, finding that his partner's interest in the evening had been spoiled, the old detective raised no objection to an immediate return.

They accordingly left the restaurant and went to the Brighton stables for their team.

Soon Harry was driving up the Boulevard in the moonlight, with Old King Brady at his side telling in detail of the happenings of each occasion upon which he had seen the mysterious shadow.

"There is no use talking, Governor," said Harry, "this thing must be looked into. If we have no case for other people then it would seem that we have a pretty mysterious one of our own; so I say let us work it for all it is worth."

"I'm agreeable."

"That fellow has simply got to show his hand. I shall not rest until he has done it."

"Very good. Fire away. I will admit that I am growing somewhat curious myself to know what it all means."

An automobile came up suddenly behind them, and the horse shied.

Harry pulled the frightened animal in, and brought him to a standstill.



At the same moment a shabby buggy containing one man shot past them.

This horse had also been startled, and was on the run.

Harry paid no particular attention to this, hence his surprise was complete when the old detective quietly said, after they had started again:

"This time we are behind our mysterious shadow."

For Old King Brady had recognized in the man driving the team which had just passed them the subject of their talk.

## CHAPTER II.

### FURTHER EXPERIENCES WITH THE SHADOW.

"Are you sure?"

Harry was rather inclined to question the old detective's assertion that the man in the buggy had been the mysterious shadow.

"Quite sure."

"You saw his face distinctly?"

"I saw it with perfect distinctness. It was the same man."

"Shadowing on wheels, it would seem."

"Evidently."

"Shall I try to catch up with him?"

"As you will."

Harry put the whip to the horse.

They passed several teams.

It was bright moonlight—a beautiful September night.

There was no difficulty in seeing the faces.

But they passed no team which even admitted the possibility of being the one Old King Brady had seen.

Some were drawn by two horses; others carried two persons.

"He has distanced us," said the old detective. "We may as well give it up."

They drove on for some time in silence.

Suddenly Harry reined in.

"I'm going to turn around and see if he isn't behind us!" he exclaimed.

"Do it," said the old detective.

Harry turned the horse.

Behind them was a horse and buggy with one person on the seat.

"The same rig," said Old King Brady, "but I can't make out the man."

The other horse was at a standstill.

Harry drove directly up to it.

A half-grown boy held the reins.

"Where is the man who was in that buggy a moment ago?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I am an officer," he added, displaying his shield. "You answer truly or I'll put you under arrest."

"Dunno."

"Be careful."

"He jumped out when you stopped."

"You are lying?"

"No, I hain't neither. He jumped out and ran over to the sidewalk. I dunno where he went."

"Where were you when he passed us a minute ago?"

"I wasn't with him then. He only picked me up a few minutes ago."

"Where?"

"In front of Peters' hotel."

"Which way was he driving?"

"Towards de island."

"What did he say to you?"

"Told me to get in and ride, and he gimme five dollars."

"What kind of looking man was he?"

The boy accurately described the shadow.

The Bradys had passed Peters' hotel a few minutes after the incident of the automobile.

Evidently the shadow had turned on his tracks, and anticipating Harry's action had engaged help.

"What else did he say to you?" demanded Old King Brady. "You are too sensible a fellow to go with a stranger unless he said more to you than you have told us."

"Well, he said he was a detective."

"Ah, I thought so. What else?"

"Said he was shadowing a couple of bank thieves, and that if I would ride with him as far as de park entrance so as to hold de horse in case you went into one of de road-houses he would gimme de five."

"Ah, ha! You got your money?"

"Not yet."

"I thought as much. What did he say to you when he got out?"

"Oh, he left in a big hurry. Said: 'Hold de horse till I come back.' Dat's all I know."

"What shall we do?" Harry asked in a whisper. "No doubt he is hiding."

"Yes, but you won't get him. No doubt he saw you stop and turn. That's what sent him off."

"We might wait."

"We might wait all night; but he'll not come back so long as we remain here; besides, I have another plan."

"All right."

"Hold on a second. Boy, what's your name?"

"Tim McCarthy."

"Did you ever hear of Old King Brady?"

"Sure ting, an' you're de man."

"Know where my office is?"

"Sure. It's Park Row."

"Come there to-morrow morning, and it may be worth more than five dollars."

"I'll come."

"Off we go, Harry," said the old detective.

Young King Brady turned the buggy and the drive was resumed.

"There is just one thing to do," said the old detective,



"and that is for us to disguise and shadow this shadow."

"How?"

"It is easy."

"Don't see it."

"We will make our change here."

"Well?"

"When we come to Balza's road-house you will drive to the barn and put up the team, while I go in and interview Balza."

"What about that?"

"I know the man. I shall ask him to send the team to the livery stable in the morning, and to have another with a driver hitched up for us at once."

"Well?"

"This will be ready for us. As for the rest, we must be guided by what happens. The Bradys must vanish. We must see if we can't shadow the shadow—it is the best we can do."

"All right. I don't believe it will work, though."

"Nor I, either; just the same I am going to try it on."

Old King Brady now made one of his quick changes.

The old blue coat is a garment of wonderful resources. In its secret pockets there are always on tap the materials for many disguises.

In a few minutes Old King Brady had transformed himself into something very different from his usual appearance.

He then took the reins, and Harry clapped on a wig and mustache.

Reaching Balza's hotel, the old detective stepped upon the piazza, while Harry drove back to the barn.

"I'll wait a minute and see what happens before I interview Balza," thought the old detective, amending his own plan.

Nothing happened.

The house stood far back from the road, so nothing could be observed of the different teams.

Soon Harry joined his partner.

"Well, and how does the scheme work?" he asked.

"Don't work."

"He has not come?"

"No team has turned in here since you left."

"That's one on you, Governor."

"Didn't I say that I had no idea my scheme would work?"

"I believe you did say something of the sort. What shall we do?"

"Get out there on the road and see if you can see anything of him."

Returning in about ten minutes, Young King Brady reported that not a trace of the mysterious shadow was to be seen.

"We have over-reached ourselves," said the old detective. "We have been just a little too cunning. Never mind, he will turn up again."

"What shall we do?"

"Wait here just one hour, and then cross over and take the Smith street trolley to the bridge."

If the wait was in the hope that the shadow would show himself, then the detectives were doomed to disappointment.

Nothing was seen of him.

At half-past ten the Bradys left the hotel.

Before starting Harry again went out on the Boulevard and took a careful look.

There was no standing team anywhere.

So the Bradys gave it up and walked across country to the trolley line, changing back to their usual costume in the shadows of a vacant lot.

"We will go to the livery stable and report about the team," remarked the old detective, as they left the car at the bridge.

This only took a few minutes.

As Old King Brady turned away after his talk with the livery man, he stopped short and touched Harry's arm.

The stable was just off Washington street.

There, standing on the corner, was Mr. Shadow, looking their way.

"Well!" muttered Harry. "It beats the band!"

"Wait," whispered the old detective.

He turned again to the livery man.

"You see that individual standing on the corner there?" he asked.

"I do," was the reply.

"Did you rent him a rig to-night?"

"I certainly did not. He couldn't hire of me on any terms short of the cost of the outfit in advance. Why do you ask?"

"That's detective business," replied Old King Brady, showing his shield.

The Bradys now walked slowly toward Washington street.

Mr. Shadow stood calmly regarding them until they had just about reached the corner, when he suddenly stepped back out of sight.

Quick as a flash Harry darted around the corner.

Old King Brady followed without quickening his pace, to find him standing there looking foolish.

"Nothing doing?" asked the old detective, with a smile.

"As you see. Where on earth could he have gone to?"

"He is quicker than you are, Harry."

"Shall we hunt? He may be in one of these doorways?"

"Little use. Let's go home."

Harry fussed and fumed over the business all the way to New York.

They went on the elevated cars which ran over the big Brooklyn bridge.

Harry went through the entire train, hoping to find Mr. Shadow.



Close to the New York terminal of the bridge is the Bradys' little office on Park Row.

"Let's go into the office for a few minutes," said the old detective. "I guess he has given the job up for the night."

"Hold on," replied Harry. "I've got a scheme."

"Well?"

"He can't be in New York. We caught a train just going out. He could not have crossed the bridge by trolley yet."

"He may have come across on a broomstick like the witches of old."

"Now, now, Governor, this is altogether too serious a matter to joke about. Listen to my scheme."

"Fire away."

"You go upstairs and light the gas. Leave the shade up, and show yourself at the window. I'll hide in a doorway across the street. If he comes and starts to track you home then I'll be behind him."

"Good! I'll go you."

"Shall I nab him or shadow him?"

"Neither. It's late, Harry, and I am tired. Let's quit it for the night."

"No, no. I won't do it. Let me shadow him."

"I'd rather you wouldn't. I want to sleep to-night. I couldn't do it if I allowed you to go off alone on an expedition like this."

"Then, by jove, I'll nab him, drag him into the office, and make him give an account of himself."

"Well, be very careful."

"Trust me. Go on now, or it may be too late."

Old King Brady went upstairs.

Harry slipped around into North William street, and watched at the corner.

This seemed safer to him than the doorway scheme.

Here he waited for nearly half an hour.

Same old story. There was nothing doing.

Deeply chagrined, Young King Brady returned to the office and went upstairs.

"Well, I have seen nothing of our shadow nor of you either," said the old detective. "Where have you been?"

"Around in North William street. My eye was not off the other side of the way more than a minute and a half since I left you."

"He didn't come?"

"I didn't see him. It beats the band."

"Oh, I guess he has shut up shop for the night," replied Old King Brady, carelessly. "Let's go home."

Harry glanced out of the window.

"Upon my word, I wish you'd kick me!" he cried. "Look!"

There stood the mysterious shadow, leaning against one of the pillars of the elevated railroad.

"If I had only stayed a moment longer!" groaned Harry.

"Then you would not have seen him," replied the old

detective. "Come on. Perhaps he will be good enough to wait for us to come downstairs."

He turned out the gas, and they descended to the street again.

No shadow.

The detectives looked everywhere.

Not a trace of the man could they discover.

"It is certainly a puzzle," said the old detective, "but I've had enough of it, and now I'm going to bed."

The Bradys crossed over to the Chambers street station of the Sixth avenue elevated, and rode to Eighth street, walking then to the old house on Washington Square, where for a number of years they have kept bachelor's hall.

The detectives occupy the two principal chambers on the second floor, Old King Brady the one in front, Harry in the rear.

Just as the old detective was getting into bed he went to the window and threw back the inside blinds, and let down the sash from the top, according to his usual custom.

As he glanced out upon the Square he saw a small man leaning against a tree with his arms folded.

It was Mr. Shadow!

"Confound you!" muttered the old detective. "This settles it! I'll solve this mystery if I die for it!"

He went downstairs and once more examined the fastenings.

But he did not say anything to Harry about it until the next day.

Upon returning to his room Old King Brady again looked out on the Square.

This time he saw nobody.

The mysterious shadow had disappeared.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SHADOWING THE SHADOW.

The Bradys went to their office at the usual time next morning, and Old King Brady remained in until noon, hoping that the boy Tim McCarthy might show up, but he never came.

Several days passed, and nothing more was seen of the mysterious shadow.

The only step which could be taken to find out anything about the man was to hunt up Tim McCarthy.

The Bradys went down to the roadhouse and made an attempt to do this, but they could find no one who had ever heard of such a lad.

The next experience of the detectives with the shadow occurred about a week later.

It was one evening when the detectives remained in their office until after dark, or, to be precise, until about seven o'clock.



Upon coming downstairs they saw the man under the elevated on the opposite side of the way.

The detectives had now come to an understanding about the matter, and they acted accordingly.

Without seeming to look across the street, they shook hands and parted.

Harry went up Park Row; Old King Brady went down toward the bridge.

Now it was manifestly impossible for Mr. Shadow to shadow both Old and Young King Brady at the same time.

It had been arranged between the detectives that whichever one he did shadow was to take a certain direction, while the other shadowed the shadow.

Harry walked rapidly for about a hundred feet, and then, looking back, saw the mysterious one trailing after his chief.

The scheme had begun right.

Next thing was to carry it out to a successful finish.

Young King Brady turned, and as he walked made such changes in his personal appearance as might serve to deceive any ordinary man.

And this was not as difficult as may seem.

Practice makes perfect, and the Bradys are most expert at this sort of business.

Harry saw the old detective glance behind him, and he assumed that not only had he now discovered that he was being followed, but that Mr. Shadow knew that he himself had been spotted.

It had been arranged that under these circumstances Old King Brady should walk home, and he did so.

The shabby little man kept about half a block behind him.

Never once did he look back.

When he reached the house on Washington Square Old King Brady let himself in with his latchkey, and the shadow stood leaning against a tree watching the house for a good half hour.

Harry, seated on a bench in the Square, watched him closely.

At last the man turned away and looked all around him.

Twice his eyes rested upon Harry, who sat quietly smoking.

At last he entered the Square, which has no railing, and walking up to the bench upon which Young King Brady sat, took his place at the other end.

"Does he suspect?" Harry asked himself.

He paid absolutely no attention to the man. Never once did he look his way.

It takes a sharp man to get the better of the famous Bradys.

That in his way Mr. Shadow was that has been shown, but this was the time he apparently made a big mistake.

He had turned his back on the house in taking up his position there on the bench.

No sooner had he done so than Old King Brady, so disguised that no man living could have recognized him, descended the steps.

The minutes passed.

Harry saw the old detective go by, and recognized him by receiving a secret sign.

He was dressed much after the seedy style of the shadow, but wore a better hat.

His face was completely changed by a stubby gray beard, and the old black felt hat pulled down over his eyes did much toward helping out his disguise.

The shadow merely glanced at him as he passed on.

"The Governor has got the best of him this time," said Harry to himself. "I wish I felt sure of being so fortunate."

He waited, expecting the man to address him, but he did not.

At last Mr. Shadow got up and shuffled off down Waverly Place toward Broadway.

Again and again he looked back.

Harry did not move until after he had crossed Fifth avenue.

Then he shot through the square as fast as possible without running.

Mr. Man was just vanishing down the block beyond University Place.

Harry took to his heels, and ran down Washington Place at top speed.

He looked about for Old King Brady, but could see nothing of him.

Mr. Shadow was on hand when he reached Broadway, however.

He was standing on the corner of Waverly Place waiting for a car.

In a moment he boarded a downtown electric, and Harry swung on as it came to his corner.

The shadowing of the shadow had fairly begun at last.

Harry stuck to the platform, for Mr. Shadow had gone inside.

"This is the time the Governor gets in the soup," he thought. "Probably he will give it up and go back to the house."

He looked over the passengers, few in number at that hour, of course.

To his utter surprise he saw Old King Brady sitting in the corner pretending to read the newspaper, which, by the way, it would have been quite impossible for him to do in that uncertain light.

"Come, that's one on me," thought Harry. "How on earth did he get here?"

The explanation was very simple.

Feeling certain that Mr. Shadow would go through to Broadway, Old King Brady had hurried there, and taken



a stand where he could watch the corner of Waverly Place.

The scheme worked.

Seeing the shadow standing ready to board a downtown car, Old King Brady managed to get on ahead of him—that was all!

Thus it will be seen that it is by no means easy to outwit the old detective.

We shall not further undertake to explain his methods.

Enough to say that Old King Brady gets there every time.

To follow in detail the remarkable shadowing done by the Bradys that night would carry us far beyond our limits.

Mr. Shadow left the car at the City Hall.

Harry did not look at him as he got off, nor had he once glanced at him all the way downtown; but when the shabby little man started to walk across the Brooklyn Bridge Young King Brady was right behind him.

Now again the old detective had vanished.

Harry watched closely, looked back, and did everything to locate him, but failed.

It had not been arranged that Old King Brady should take part in this shadowing further than the house.

Harry was just a little vexed that he had done so, but the old detective does just as he pleases every time.

Brooklyn reached, Mr. Shadow took the elevated, and Harry tracked him to Ridgewood, the terminal of one branch of Brooklyn's so-called rapid transit.

Now, feeling that the elevated car would be a good place to bring matters to a head in, seeing that the man could not possibly leave it between stations, Young King Brady went into the same car, and sat down opposite to Mr. Shadow.

He did not look at him directly, but he watched him out of the corner of his eye.

Never once did the man look at him.

He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, paying absolutely no attention to anyone, and most of the time appeared to be asleep.

Harry left the car first, but stood near the foot of the steps, and saw everyone who came down.

Nobody that he could identify as Old King Brady passed up to the time the shadow showed himself, when once more Harry had to get on the move.

From Ridgewood various electric lines start, diverging in different directions about this remote section of Greater New York.

One line goes to Jamaica, another to the Lutheran cemetery, another to Cypress Hills Cemetery, and so on.

It required close watchfulness to avoid missing the man.

At least so Harry thought, but it proved to be quite otherwise.

Mr. Shadow, it seemed, had no intention of riding at all.

Instead of that he started up Myrtle avenue on the south side, and walked rapidly with the air of a man who had a long stretch ahead of him.

It was easy shadowing.

Never once did he look behind him.

And Young King Brady followed on.

Again and again he looked for the old detective, but as far as he could make out Old King Brady was nowhere around that part of the world.

Once more Harry assured himself that the "Governor" had given it up and gone home.

Young King Brady's shadowing took him out to Glendale that night.

This is the local name for the section beyond Ridgewood.

He crossed the Long Island railroad, and kept on for some blocks, when he saw Mr. Shadow suddenly dodge into a lane.

At one side of the lane facing Myrtle avenue was a brick house, for many years occupied by an eccentric character, now dead, known to everybody as "Mr. Jobs."

Beyond Mr. Jobs' place was a barn, and a vacant lot which ran to a point.

Back of this-gore was a thick growth of trees.

Fortunately Harry had known Mr. Jobs, and knew all about this place.

The trees grew in the back end of the great Cypress Hills Cemetery.

This land has been held in reserve by the cemetery corporation.

It is practically a forest, and was separated from the gore lot by a high fence, up to which the lane led.

Young King Brady went forward on the run, for now was the time when he was most likely to lose his man.

He was just in time to see Mr. Shadow in the act of crawling under the fence.

An instant later and he had disappeared within the cemetery.

Here the trees cover many acres.

Now I've lost him," thought Young King Brady.

He knew that he might wander about all night on the other side of that fence, with not one chance in ten thousand of finding his man.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CEMETERY.

Harry now realized that he had his hands full if he expected to accomplish anything definite.

And he had no other idea.

"I'll not give it up until I have made a try for it, at least, he said to himself. "This mystery must and shall be explained."



He hurried up the lane, heedless now as to whether Mr. Shadow was watching him or not.

There were a few pedestrians in sight on the avenue, but Harry saw nobody in the lane, and Mr. Jobs' house was quite dark.

Reaching the fence he found that a sort of burrow had been made beneath it through which it was not difficult to crawl.

As soon as he got in among the trees Harry halted and stood listening.

He had expected to find himself in a dense thicket, for the woods on the eastern section of Long Island are almost always thus overgrown.

The bushes were here, but he perceived that a narrow path almost undiscernible ran through them.

Not a sound was to be heard, and save on his left towards the avenue, not a glimmer of light to be seen.

So lonely was the spot that it was really quite startling when all of a sudden a trolley went rushing by.

The clatter of the car recalled Young King Brady to himself.

"I must get busy," he thought, "but really this is almost too dangerous. If that fellow has any idea of assassinating me, now is certainly his time."

It was just as this comforting thought crossed his mind that he perceived a light ahead of him, close down upon the ground.

Harry watched it.

It was no ordinary light, and certainly did not come from an ordinary lantern.

It was a white light, and globular in shape.

It kept bobbing up and down near the ground.

"Looks more like a jack-o'-lantern than anything else," thought Young King Brady. "Probably it is a bait to lead me on."

The more he thought of it the more he felt satisfied that such was the case, and that his presence there in the cemetery was known.

Should he advance and see what happened?

He pondered on the question for a full minute, and then decided to go ahead.

The moment he started along the path the light stopped bobbing, and began to move slowly forward.

"That's what it is," Harry said to himself. "They are trying to lure me on."

Young King Brady now honestly considered himself in great danger.

Just for this reason he resolved not to turn back, but to see the adventure through to its end.

He advanced slowly.

Now in a moment there came another cause for alarm.

Distinctly Harry heard footsteps behind him.

Whoever it was certainly seemed trying to walk like a featherweight, but there could be no mistaking the sounds.

Harry's heart began to thump.

He paused.

The light stopped.

So did the footfalls.

He moved on again.

The light advanced.

Once more the footfalls were heard.

"I'm certainly between two fires," thought Harry, drawing his revolver. "There is just one thing to do, and that is to push boldly ahead."

And this he did, advancing about an eighth of a mile as near as he could reckon.

Now suddenly the light which had shown him the path vanished.

Harry, however, pushed forward.

The footfalls were no longer heard.

"Have I been mistaken? Did I really hear them ahead of me when I thought they were behind?" Young King Brady asked himself.

He was beginning to get all mixed up when all of a sudden he came out upon a little clearing, in the midst of which stood the ruins of an old farmhouse.

"Strange!" thought Harry. "I have been all over the cemetery, but I never saw this ranch before."

But there the house was, and what is more, the light was burning behind one of the windows from which the sash had been carried away.

For as much as ten minutes Harry stood there listening and watching, but all was as silent as the many graves which lay just beyond that fringe of trees.

Young King Brady crept up to the window and peered inside.

An ordinary lantern, the globe of which had been covered with white tissue paper, stood on an old three-legged table, and beneath it rested a sheet of paper.

There was nobody to be seen.

Now we have the bait, if ever," thought Young King Brady.

He went around to the open door, and boldly entered.

Advancing to the table, he looked down upon the paper and read as follows:

"To Young King Brady, who has taken so much pains to follow me to-night:

"I am charged to request you to take up the matter of Randolph Martense, which was brought to your notice some months ago.

"Now if ever this case must receive your attention.

"If you succeed the reward will be in proportion to your success.

"I hold out no threats, but this I say: if you refuse you will be haunted until it is all too late by your

"Mysterious Shadow."

Young King Brady did not disturb the paper for the moment.

He had never heard of the Randolph Martense matter in connection with the work of the firm.

He had not the least notion what it all meant.



"The Governor is right; this man is a crank," he said to himself. "I need not have taken such care in my shadowing, for he seems to have been onto my curves all the time."

"That is what he was," said a voice outside the window.

Harry suddenly whipped out his revolver, and jumped back.

"Whoever you are, come and show yourself like a man," he cried.

"Don't shoot!" was the reply.

And this time Harry recognized the voice, as he might certainly have done in the first place had he been less startled.

"You can come in, Governor," he said. "I won't shoot you!"

A stout man, looking for all the world like a German brewer, climbed through the window.

It would have been simply impossible to recognize the old detective.

Harry could hardly believe his eyes, but the familiar voice carried the proof.

"Is it really you?" he exclaimed.

"No one else. What have we on that paper?"

"Read for yourself, and see."

"Read it to me. I have to find my glasses—a troublesome job with all this rigging on."

Harry read the note.

"Huh!" grunted Old King Brady. "Now I begin to understand."

"Governor, how in the world did you get here? I lost you at the New York City Hall."

"But I never lost you for a moment."

"It is a long time since I have seen you in such a slick disguise."

"Oh, even you are not acquainted with all my disguises, Harry. Someone had to do the secret work, since our friend Mr. Shadow was on to you from the very first."

"It would seem so now. Just the same, I thought I was doing pretty good work. I made a face change just after I left the bridge."

"Yes, but your clothes were the same, and he is sharp. I have changed three times since you left me in the car."

"How on earth did you manage it?"

"Once crossing the City Hall park."

"Well?"

"Again in the last car on the Brooklyn elevated, where I was the only passenger."

"And I looked into that car."

"And last as I came up Myrtle avenue at your very heels."

"You are certainly a slick article when you get down to business."

"I am an older hand at the bellows than you, Harry; remember that. But now for this letter business."

"I am waiting."

"The reference to Randolph Martense refers to a call we received about six months ago while you were away in Boston."

"So? Did you keep the letters?"

"Luckily I did, although, as you know, rejected calls usually go to the waste basket. There came three letters. I put them down as the work of a crank."

"Perhaps they were. Perhaps the crank hears us even now."

"Keep a sharp eye out. Read that letter over to me again."

Harry obeyed.

"Evidently we are not expected to do anything further to-night," said the old detective. "I think we may as well go home."

"But what were those letters about?"

"I can't remember exactly; they related to jewels supposed to have been buried two hundred years ago somewhere in this neighborhood. Very likely this is the place. I remember there was some allusion to an old house in the graveyard."

"Can't you give me any better idea of it than that, Governor?"

"No, I really can't. I have quite forgotten. We will look the matter up in the morning, and see what can be done about it."

"Oh, so you are thinking of taking up the case, then?"

"I am thinking of solving this mystery. I propose to do that in any event."

"Suppose we search the house?"

"Certainly. Come along."

Old King Brady caught up the lantern and they went from room to room.

There was little to be seen.

That the house was immensely old there could be no doubt.

It appeared to have been occupied by someone not so very long back, who had left a few odds and ends of worthless furniture behind them.

As every window-sash was out, every door gone, and part of the roof had tumbled in, it certainly was a most undesirable place of residence now.

"All this throws no light on the mystery," remarked Old King Brady, as they started to walk on down the stairs.

"Put out the lantern! Wait and watch!"

The call came from the foot of the stairs.

And as they looked the Bradys saw their mysterious shadow standing just within the door.

"Put out the lantern! Wait and watch!" he called again in low, earnest tones.

"Stay, friend! Give me a chance! I want to talk to you!" Old King Brady called back.



But the shadow backed out into the darkness, and as he vanished the Bradys heard him call:

"Obey, as you value your lives!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BRADYS DISCOVER THE OLD STONE VAULT.

Old King Brady instantly blew out the lantern.

Everything was quiet.

Both he and Harry half expected to hear the crack of a revolver, but this did not occur.

"What now?" breathed Young King Brady.

"Give it up. More mystery."

"Shall we go downstairs?"

"Just as you say. Suppose we take a look out of the front window."

"We will try it. You look. I'll stand guard here."

"Let us stick together, Governor."

"No, no! Go into the room. I'll stop here."

Harry passed into the front room and peered out of the window.

"I hear footsteps; someone coming," he whispered.

"Watch!"

"There's a light among the trees. It is coming this way."

"Watch!"

And Harry did watch.

In a moment he saw two roughly dressed men, evidently foreigners, come into the little clearing.

They were talking in some foreign language.

Harry could hear the words distinctly, but he could not catch on.

It was certainly not Italian nor Spanish.

It bore no resemblance whatever to either German or French.

"Possibly it is Greek," thought Young King Brady.

"Hello! Here come more!"

Another light was seen approaching.

"Two men right upon us, and others coming!" he called in a low voice.

"Right! I am ready for them if they attempt to enter here," was the reply.

But the men—there were four of them—did not attempt to enter the old house.

They walked directly past it, crossed the clearing, and disappeared in the woods beyond.

Old King Brady joined Harry when the latter called out that they were all gone.

"And what do you make out of that?" questioned Harry.

"Evidently our shadow did not intend that we should run foul of those men."

"Did you hear their talk?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't catch on, I suppose?"

"I could not understand them, of course, for I understand no language but English."

"Yes, yes; but you know very well that you are as sharp as thunder at distinguishing one foreign language from another."

"This was no ordinary foreign language, Harry."

"So I say. Ever hear it before?"

"Yes; let me think. It was not Greek."

"Well!"

"Nor Russian."

"I never could get next on Russian."

"Of course it was not Polish, that sounds much like Russian. I have heard it before somewhere. Ha, I have it! Either Armenian or Syrian. Yes, it is in the Syrian quarters that I have heard those sounds."

"Sure?"

"Positive now."

"What shall we do? Light out?"

"My curiosity is excited. I would like to know more of those men."

"There don't appear to be anybody else coming; suppose we venture with one of the dark lanterns and follow their trail?"

"Hello!"

The call came in a low voice from the ground below the window at which the Bradys were talking.

Old King Brady did not look out.

On the contrary he pushed Harry to one side, saying:

"For heaven sake don't expose yourself. If there is any talking to be done leave it to me."

"Hello, up there!" called the voice again.

"Hello!" answered Old King Brady.

"You now see that I was right."

"You are our shadow?"

"I am. You have escaped a great danger. Remember in all you do here that the same danger hovers over you. Work only by daylight. Do not come here again at night."

"Who are you? If you wish our help then come up here and let us talk face to face like men, or let me come down to you."

"I shall do neither. You have my letters. Read them. Do as they direct."

"I have forgotten what those letters contain, but I will look them up."

"Will you accede to my request?"

"Very likely. Better do your part by telling me frankly who you are and what you want."

"No."

"Suit yourself."

"I would show you more before we part. It is well that you should be shown the old stone vault."

"What old stone vault?"

"Lower the lantern out of the window. Then follow me."

"I'll do it, but won't you explain?"



"I shall explain nothing but such things as I choose to explain, and those only in my own time and way."

"Very well. Have your way. We will follow."

"You will not regret it. Have you a string?"

"Plenty."

"Then let the lantern come, but don't you come till I have said the word."

Old King Brady tied a cord to the lantern, and dropped it down.

The shadow seized it, broke the string, and lighted the lantern.

"Now come!" he called.

The Bradys groped their way downstairs.

The shadow had passed beyond the line of the clearing, but they could see his light close down by the ground among the trees on the other side.

"Come on," said Old King Brady. "We will see this thing through."

And they followed the light.

There was much such a path as Harry had followed on his way in.

It wound around among the trees, gradually working toward the used portion of the cemetery.

The light kept ahead of them until they saw an opening.

Suddenly it was raised high in the air, and a wild discordant cry rang out.

"For heaven sake what was that?" gasped Harry, clutching the old detective's arm.

"Hush! It is the man himself."

Instantly the light vanished.

The Bradys drew back among the trees and waited.

They could dimly discern ahead of them a burial vault, built of brown stone, against the side of a little hill.

"The old stone vault which he spoke of," whispered Harry, pointing.

"I see. There is more to come."

It came in a second.

Suddenly the door of the vault opened, and a man peered out.

At the same instant the white light of Mr. Shadow's papered lantern was seen bobbing about among the trees at a considerable distance from the detectives.

The man stood apparently looking at it.

Then he gave a low whistle, and in a minute two others joined him.

They were the foreigners who had passed the old house, and they began gabbling in the same strange tongue.

Suddenly the light vanished, and the same cry was heard.

Instantly the three men popped into the vault, and the door was closed.

"What can it mean?" questioned Harry.

"It means that our friend the shadow is playing ghost for the purpose of scaring that outfit," replied Old King Brady.

"Will he come to us again?"

"Don't know. Wait a few minutes."

They waited, but the man did not come.

"There is no use in staying here any longer," said Old King Brady after a little. "Let's get on the move."

"To the vault?"

"Sure. I propose to take it in."

"It doesn't seem to be on any regular cemetery path."

"I notice that. I doubt that vault having been built by the cemetery people. It looks to me more probable that it is the old burial vault of the family who originally occupied that house."

"Very likely. If so the name ought to be on it."

"It may be. Come on."

They approached the vault with revolvers ready.

There was no name cut on the cornice, as is the usual rule with burial vaults.

The stone was covered with moss, and the walls had settled badly.

It looked as if the vault was about to collapse.

The doors were of wood, and had been recently painted green.

There was no path in front, and big trees grew all about.

"Old enough," breathed Harry.

"Sure! Look here! Do you feel that trembling?"

"Why, certainly! The ground shakes."

"Queer business; but we must be getting out of this. We are liable to be discovered any minute."

They glided back to cover.

"Shall we wait for the shadow to show up?" Harry asked.

"Just a few minutes."

Within one minute the light was seen back along the path.

The Bradys now advanced.

So did the light, keeping ahead of them in the usual style.

"Shall we try to catch up with him?" questioned Harry.

"No," replied the old detective. "Let him have his way. I am growing immensely interested in all this business."

"Then you take up the case for Mr. Shadow?"

"I most certainly shall."

"I have an idea that his shadowing was intended for no other purpose than to excite our curiosity, and make you take up the case."

"I should not be at all surprised. If so he has certainly accomplished his purpose."

But the adventures of the Bradys were at an end for that night.

The light guided them back to the old house, and thence to the lane.

Just before they reached the latter it vanished.

The Bradys passed by Mr. Jobs's house, and gaining Myrtle avenue took a west-bound trolley, which came along in a minute.

They made the best of their way home, seeing no more of Mr. Shadow.



"A remarkable individual, whoever he is," said Old King Brady, as he put the latchkey in the door. "Now we will sleep on it and see what to-morrow will bring forth."

## CHAPTER VI.

### HARRY EXAMINES THE VAULT.

When the detectives reached the office next morning Old King Brady's first care was to look up the correspondence alluded to in the note found under the lantern in the ruined house.

This was by no means difficult.

Old King Brady is exceedingly methodical in some of his ways, careless as he is about others.

He soon found the letters, and spread them out upon his desk.

"These certainly are peculiar productions, Harry," he remarked. "Just listen! You can imagine our friend Mr. Shadow talking."

And Old King Brady read as follows:

New York, March 2, 190—.

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir.—Do you want a case full of mystery? If you do, heed this letter.

"I am an antiquarian.

"I have just come from Holland.

"I can read Dutch.

"There are diamonds and other gems buried in the old stone vault on the Randolph Martense place, now part of Cypress Hills Cemetery.

"These gems are part of a pirate's treasure.

"I know because I have read about it in the old Dutch shipping records in Amsterdam, Holland.

"You ought to get this treasure.

"If you will drop me a line I'll tell you just how to go about it.

"I want nothing for myself.

"You are an honest man, they tell me.

"I have confidence that you will give the treasure up to Alice Martense, who is the legal heir.

"She was a beauty and the best dancer in Brooklyn; that was when I was a boy and could dance myself.

"Don't forget to meet me.

"Yours truly,

"Wee Willie Winkle.

"P. S.—This is no joke."

Harry laughed heartily.

"Well, I don't wonder you paid no attention to that remarkable call!" he exclaimed. "What puzzles me is to understand how the letter ever escaped the waste-basket."

"I really can't tell you. Something prompted me to preserve it."

"The man is insane, of course."

"It certainly would seem so."

"He asks you to meet him, but appoints neither time nor place."

"Exactly. He remedies that in the next, however. Listen to this:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir.—I waited in vain for you the other night.

"Then a little bird whispered to me that I had neglected to tell you where to go or what time I would be there. I am an old man, and am growing neglectful.

"The time is high noon, and the place is the Tomb of the Martyrs on Fort Green.

"Fort Green is in Brooklyn.

"It is barely possible that you may have heard of Brooklyn, the city which was swallowed by the whale. By the whale, of course, I mean New York.

"Once Brooklyn was a city.

"Now it is nothing, for New York swallowed it up.

"But I am rambling again.

"Did I tell you what day to meet me?

"Upon my word, I don't think I did."

"Let us make it day after to-morrow, and that is Tuesday.

"Tuesday, high noon, Tomb of the Martyrs, Fort Green, Brooklyn, Long Island, New York City, New York State, United States of America, Western Hemisphere, Globe, Universe.

"There!

"That's a definite appointment.

"You can't miss me.

"Come and I'll put you next to the pirate's treasure.

"You shall have diamonds galore.

"Of course, you will give them up to the fair Alice when you get them.

"I, who trust nobody in this world, am trusting you.

"Yours in hopes,

"Wee Willie Winkle."

"Madder than the other letter," remarked Harry.

"Decidedly," was the reply. "Of course, I could only set the man down as a crank."

"How long a time was there between the two letters, Governor?"

"I think it was about a week. This one, you will perceive, bears no date. Now for the third. That is a different sort of missive. It also has no date, but, if I remember rightly, it came some three weeks later. Here it is:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir.—You failed to keep the appointment which I made for you.

"No doubt you think me mad, and as a matter of fact you are not alone in that opinion.



"Nevertheless, what I wrote you is probably true, and the treasure of the old stone vault real.

"Once more I ask you to meet me.

"At six o'clock this evening you will find me standing on the southeast corner of Myrtle avenue and Broadway, in the city of Brooklyn. I am a shabby little old man. You cannot mistake me.

"Should you again fail me I shall be in despair.

"This treasure exists.

"It is real.

"It belongs to Miss Alice Martense, sole surviving descendant of Randolph Martense. Present residence, Middle Village, L. I.

"If you don't believe me, go and see her, and she will tell you.

"I have sworn to recover the treasure, and I believe it can only be done with your help.

"Yours still hopefully,

"Wee Willie Winkle.

"P. S.—I don't want to throw any bouquets at you, but I honestly believe you to be the most wonderful detective on earth."

"Much in the same vein," remarked Harry.

"A little more sane, I think."

"Perhaps so."

"I threw these letters aside, of course, and they were forgotten. After that I heard no more from the man until this shadowing began."

"I am disappointed that there is nothing more definite to go by."

"And so am I. To tell the truth, I had almost forgotten whether there was anything of that sort in the letters."

"There is one thing, of course."

"You refer to the address of this woman Martense?"

"Exactly."

"If that is straight it may give us a starting point."

"Then you propose to go ahead with the business?"

"I do. My curiosity has been excited, and now we want to see the end of this business."

"What shall we do?"

"I think I will look up the woman. You, in the meantime, may go to the cemetery people and make some inquiry about that vault."

"All right."

I think you had better represent yourself as being employed by the Martense family to look up certain records. Do your best to get a look at the interior of the vault. You can say that you want to examine the coffin plates, or something of that sort. Of course, you will be particular not to give the least hint of what occurred last night."

"Certainly. I can do all that. When shall I go?"

"Oh, we will make it to-day's business. You had better get right out there, and I will take in Middle Village."

It being thus arranged, Harry in due time turned up at

the office of the Cypress Hills Cemetery on Jamaica avenue, East New York.

Here he met Mr. Smith, the assistant superintendent, an affable gentleman, who listened with respectful attention to what he had to say.

"Yes, that is the old burial vault of the Martense family," said Mr. Smith. "The house you refer to was once the residence of a branch of the Martense family, but it has been the property of the cemetery for many years."

"Would it be possible for me to get into the vault?" inquired Harry. "I assume, of course, that the coffins still remain there."

"They have never been disturbed. Who is it that you are working for?"

"That is to a certain extent confidential, but I don't mind telling you that we are working in the interest of a Miss Alice Martense, of Middle Village."

"I don't know the lady. The property was acquired long before my time. What is the object in view?"

"To establish her claim to certain property."

"Not cemetery property?"

"No, no. Nothing of the sort. Of course, I am not insisting upon anything, Mr. Smith, but if you can help me I shall be very much obliged."

"Well, I don't mind. I am not very busy this morning. Suppose we go over there now. If it will do you any good to look into that old vault I see no reason for refusing you. I don't suppose the thing has been opened for twenty years."

Harry was jubilant.

He had succeeded easier than he anticipated.

Mr. Smith now led Harry outside, and they got into the surrey which the cemetery keeps for the use of its employees.

In this they were driven over the hill and down into the reserve lands.

"I almost forget the way," said Smith, when they came into the woods, "but I guess we can find it. You may stop here, driver, and wait for our return."

"I don't think I shall come back," remarked Harry. "I have business over on Myrtle avenue, so I think I will cut right across."

"Which you can easily do," replied Smith, and they struck into the woods.

There was not even the semblance of a path here.

"Tough walking," laughed Smith, as he forced his way among the bushes, "but there is one comfort; it isn't far."

It was, in fact, only a few steps.

In a minute they came out in front of the old stone vault.

"There!" exclaimed Smith. "I have done better than I imagined I could. We have hit it first clip."

He produced a bunch of keys which he had brought along with him, and selecting one put it in the lock.

"I notice that this door has been recently painted," remarked Harry.



"I see it has," was the reply. "I don't exactly understand it. There was, however, painting done on the vault doors about six months ago, and I suppose the painters prowled in here and daubed this one over. Confound this key! It won't work."

"Let me try," said Harry. "You are sure you have got the correct key?"

"Oh, yes; I am certain."

Harry tried it, but the key refused to turn.

To Young King Brady the reason was plain enough.

The lock was hampered.

Clearly a different key had been used in opening the door.

This with an old-fashioned tumbler lock often produces such an effect.

"You will never open the door with that key," declared Harry, "but I think I have one which will do the trick all right."

He produced his bunch of skeletons, and in a moment had the door open.

They passed into the old stone vault.

It was arranged much after the style of modern burial vaults.

There were six sealed niches, three in a row, and each one supposedly contained a coffin.

There was an inscription on the face of each niche.

To carry out his fiction Young King Brady began to examine these.

It was difficult to read the inscriptions.

At last Harry was able to decipher one as follows:

"Phœbe Martense. Died Nov. 10, 1793. Aged 32 years, six months, and two days."

"That good lady has been dead a long time," he remarked, as he prepared to copy the inscription in his memorandum book.

"She certainly has," replied Smith. "Well, we have all got to come to it some time or another."

"I should hardly have believed that there was a vault so old around Brooklyn."

"I don't believe there is another. The Martenses must have been a high-toned lot to go to the trouble of building this. Usually these old Long Island Dutchmen buried in graves."

They tried each coffin in turn.

The latest date was 1810.

There was one inscription which interested Harry most, and that read:

"Randolph Martense, died July 12, 1768. Aged 92 years, three months, and seven days."

Here was the name mentioned in the letters.

There seemed to be some method in Mr. Shadow's madness.

While this was going on Mr. Smith was doing a little detective work on his own account.

"See here," he exclaimed; "a singular thing! Somebody has lately been tracking mud in here."

Harry had observed it.

It was a decided trail.

It led from the door to the back of the vault.

The wall here was constructed of what appeared to be solid blocks of brown stone.

Harry struck his fist against it.

There was a decided reverberation, and the blow gave back a slight ringing sound.

"What are you driving at?" demanded Smith, curiously.

"I was wondering what could have brought anyone in here," replied Harry. "That mud must have come in on somebody's feet, but this wall seems solid enough."

"I don't see how there can be anything beyond it, but it does look as if somebody had been tracking mud in here, as you say."

"One of the mysteries," laughed Harry, carelessly.

He had seen all he wanted to, and was now anxious to get away.

"I shall report this," said Smith. "If someone is using this vault for any purpose we want to know it."

He looked at Harry suspiciously.

It was time to pull out, and Young King Brady stepped outside.

He locked the door and held out his hand to Smith.

"I shall leave you now," he said. "I suppose if I go straight ahead I am bound to hit Myrtle avenue."

"Yes. You can't miss it. Hope you got what you wanted?"

"I got the name records of the vault. That is what I was after."

They parted.

"It is mighty queer about that mud," was Smith's last remark before he said good-day.

"I've started that fellow guessing, worse luck," thought Young King Brady.

He readily found the path, and pushed on toward the deserted house.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD KING BRADY INTERVIEWS MISS MARTENSE.

Harry had demonstrated one thing, if nothing more.

Whatever secret work was going on in the old stone vault, it was certain that the cemetery people knew nothing about it.

But their suspicions would certainly be aroused by Mr. Smith's report.

Young King Brady almost doubted the wisdom of the visit he had made, as he walked on toward the deserted house.

Meanwhile Old King Brady had traveled out to Middle Village.

This section of the old town of Newtown—it is all included in Greater New York—lies back of Williamsburg, between Maspeth and the Lutheran Cemetery.



It is a place which the march of improvement has almost forgotten, and not a few of the old-time families still reside there in houses built anywhere from sixty to a hundred years ago.

Old King Brady went out by the North Second street trolley, and upon arriving at the Village at once inquired for Miss Alice Martense.

He was directed to an old Dutch farmhouse which stood wedged in between a brewery and a beer garden.

Evidently the brewer, while able to buy up the land, could not get the homestead.

"How old a person is Miss Martense?" asked the detective of the groceryman of whom he inquired.

"There are two of them," was the reply.

"Both Alice Martense?"

"Yes; one is an old woman, the other a young girl. They live there alone by themselves."

Armed with this information, Old King Brady worked the huge brass knocker.

The answer was a long time in coming, but at last the door was opened by a blooming young miss of eighteen or so.

"Pity Harry didn't take this end of the job," thought the old detective. "Of course, it is the old woman I want to see."

"Is Miss Martense at home?" he asked.

"She is," was the reply. "What did you want?"

"To see her for a few minutes, if you please."

"My aunt is a very old woman, and quite blind. She never sees strangers. You will have to tell your business to me."

Old King Brady handed out his card.

"A detective!" exclaimed the girl. "What can you possibly want with my aunt?"

"Take this letter and read it to your aunt," said Old King Brady, handing her the last of the Wee Willie Winkle missives. "I will wait here. Say to her that my errand concerns the writer of that letter."

The girl was gone for some little time.

When she returned she appeared to be much agitated.

"Will you please to walk in, Mr. Brady?" she said. "My aunt will see you. Be very patient with her, please; she is extremely nervous, and although I cannot understand that strange letter at all, she seems to have been terribly upset by it. I thought at first she was going to faint."

Old King Brady was then shown into one of the quaintest old rooms he had seen in many a day.

It was long and low-ceilinged, with a great open fireplace with brightly polished andirons at one side.

A tall clock ticked in one corner; ancient portraits hung against the walls, there were cabinets of shells and of stuffed birds, and other similar curios.

It was, in short, a quaint old American interior, now almost a thing of the past.

Old King Brady seated himself in an old hair-cloth easy chair and waited.

He could hear a querulous voice talking in the room beyond.

"No, Alice, my dear, you must allow me to see the gentleman alone," it said. "This is a very private matter. Later I may tell you all about it. Later, my dear child, but not now."

There came the voice of the niece protesting that the aunt was not able to bear the excitement of the interview.

It was settled at last, and the old lady had her way.

Old King Brady could hear the tapping of her stick upon the floor.

She entered the room and stood before him, tall and stately.

Her eyes were white with cataracts.

She looked to Old King Brady to be a woman of between seventy and eighty years.

"I cannot see you, sir, for I am blind," she said, as she pulled the door shut behind her and felt her way to a chair. "You must excuse me. I am deeply interested in the letter you sent in to me. May I—may I keep it? It was undoubtedly written by one who was once very dear to me, and whom I believed dead. But no; I suppose you have use for it. Explain, sir. I am most anxious to know more."

"I have two other letters from the same person," said Old King Brady. "Probably the best thing I can do is to read them to you before we begin our talk. If it will be any satisfaction to you, certainly keep all three. They are of no particular use to me."

"Read them, read them!" cried the old lady, shedding tears.

Old King Brady read the letters.

"Still mad!" sighed Miss Martense, as he laid them in her hand. "Still the same poor clouded brain, but he has not forgotten me. Poor Edward! Poor, poor boy!"

Old King Brady let her have her little cry out before he attempted to speak.

"And you are the detective to whom these letters are addressed?" she asked then.

"Yes, madam. I am Old King Brady."

"Have you seen the writer?"

"I have."

"Tell me how he looks."

"Well, ma'am, he certainly looks very old and worn. He is, of course, insane."

"He has been so for over fifty years, Mr. Brady. His case is hopeless. For all that time I have paid for his care in one private lunatic asylum or another. As long as I was able I visited him constantly, but not of late, for I am quite infirm. The last place in which he was confined was Dr. Crumbie's, at Babylon, Long Island. From there he escaped about six months ago. It was one stormy night. He was known to have gone out on the Great South Bay in a rowboat. The boat afterwards drifted ashore bottom upward. It was believed by all that Edward had been drowned, and indeed I wish it might have been so."



"What is his name, Miss Martense?"

"Edward Billups, sir."

"A relative of yours?"

"No; he was once my lover. We were to have been married in a week when for some unexplained cause he became violently insane.

"For a long time his people cared for him, but they are all long since dead, and of late years, as I said, I have borne the expense."

"But about this treasure?"

"Ah, Mr. Brady, that is only his delusion. I must tell you all about it."

"I wish you would, madam."

"There is no reason why I should not. The story of these hidden diamonds was an old legend in my father's family. This Randolph Martense of whom he speaks was an ancestor of mine, my grandfather's grandfather—you can see how far back that takes one—he lived in our old homestead a little south of here; in fact, he built it. The house still stands inside the enclosure of the Cypress Hills Cemetery, in what is called the new part. I sold them the land many years ago."

"But about the treasure, madam?"

It was hard to keep the old lady to the point, but Old King Brady's manner was gentleness itself.

"The story was that Randolph Martense had once been a pirate," continued the blind woman. "Whether this was so or not I never knew. He was a very eccentric person. He lived the life of a miser, and so died. On his death-bed he started to tell his son that he had hidden a vast treasure in diamonds and gems, but he expired before he revealed the hiding place."

"And was the story believed, madam?"

"It was for a time. The son dug everywhere, but the treasure was never found. In my time we only laughed at the story. Randolph Martense was an eccentric. Probably he was insane."

"It is possible, and yet at this distant day who can tell? Now please explain what Edward Billups knew of all this."

"Why, Mr. Brady, he had heard the legend, of course. Just about the time we were engaged Edward went as supercargo to Holland. I think he must have been insane when he returned, although we did not recognize the fact. He came back with an air of mystery about him, and he constantly talked of the buried treasure, throwing out mysterious hints that he should surely find it. Within a few weeks he went hopelessly mad."

"Could he have learned anything in Holland about the whereabouts of the treasure?"

"That is what he pretended. It was, of course, all nonsense."

"And this is all you have to tell?"

"All that I can think of. Now, Mr. Brady, if you will capture poor Edward and return him to the asylum I will bear the entire expense. I am not altogether a poor woman, in spite of the surroundings in which you find me.

I inherited this house from my uncle, and removed here after I sold the old homestead in the cemetery. The neighborhood has of course greatly changed, but with my infirmity I have not cared to leave here, as I suppose I should have done for the sake of my grandniece."

"That will be all right, madam; but let us return to the subject. I wish now to tell you of my strange experiences with Edward Billups. Perhaps we shall be able to come to a better understanding when this is done."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WORKING IN THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Old King Brady now related the whole story of his mysterious shadow just as it had occurred.

He expected all kinds of interruptions from the blind woman, but she never spoke until he was quite through.

"It is unquestionably Edward whom you have been dealing with," she then said. "Wee Willie Winkie I used to call him for a pet name. He never could get the last name right. He used to call it Winkle, as you will observe he signed the letters. This alone proves his identity to me."

"Well, madam, you see how much in earnest he is. Do you think there can be anything in his claim?"

"He does not seem able to find the treasure himself. He expects you to do that."

"The reason may be that he fears these mysterious men. He seems to believe that the treasure is concealed in the old stone vault."

"That vault was built by Randolph Martense for his own use. My grandfather has often told me how people laughed at him for building it. Nevertheless the Martenses—some of them, at least—were buried there for a hundred years."

"Did your grandfather remember old Randolph?"

"Oh, yes; very well. He has often told me how he used to shut himself up in the old stone vault and meditate on his sins."

"He did, eh? It would seem to me that if he was a miser it is far more likely that he was counting his money—or diamonds."

"Mr. Brady! I do declare that sounds reasonable. I begin to think that you believe in this hidden treasure."

"My dear Miss Martense, I neither believe nor disbelieve, but there is this much about it—your mad friend is no longer a violent lunatic, no matter what he may formerly have been. There is a heap of method in his madness. His continual dodging out of the way also shows a shrewdness not to be overlooked."

"He was a very shrewd fellow, Mr. Brady."

"The man's mind works, my dear madam. He certainly knows something, whatever it may be. I propose to follow this matter up."



"Who can those people be?"

"I have no possible means of knowing."

"Ought you not to report their presence to the cemetery authorities? They promised to keep our vault in good condition. You see, the remains of the Martenses have never been removed."

"Not yet. We must investigate first."

"I do wish I could go with you," sighed the old lady. "But that is impossible. I have not left this house in several years."

"It would be very unwise," replied Old King Brady, adding:

"And now, Miss Martense, I will be going. I shall follow this matter up. What do you wish me to do with this unfortunate man if I find him?"

"Bring him to me!" cried the old lady, clasping her hands. "If he is as you say I will take care of him here. If he is no longer dangerous then he shall have his freedom. He shall not be locked up again."

"I shall tell him what you say if the opportunity offers," said the old detective. "I will report just as soon as there is anything to tell."

And with this Old King Brady left and returned to New York.

He found Harry waiting for him at the office, and they carefully compared notes.

"This case has reached a highly interesting stage," remarked Old King Brady. "I begin to think that it is very possible that this man Billups when in Holland may have come across the log-book of the old pirate's ship in which the treasure was mentioned."

"But how can that be?" questioned Harry. "How would the log-book ever get to Holland?"

"Well, the ship may have been captured by the Dutch and her papers taken to Holland."

"I suppose that is possible."

"Certainly; and it is easy to imagine other ways. But now to form a plan."

"Do you intend to give up the diamonds to this Miss Martense in case we get them? Don't they belong to the cemetery people?"

"I most certainly shall give them to the old lady, and I shall not consult any lawyer about the rights of the cemetery."

"We may get ourselves into trouble."

"I'll risk that; but there is another thing to be thought of."

"What is that?"

"If we work in the daytime and get caught at it that's the time we are liable to have trouble. For that reason I am going to disregard the advice of Mr. Billups, as we must now call our shadow, and do the job at night."

"For which you have another reason," laughed Young King Brady.

"I admit it. Do you guess what it is?"

"You would not be satisfied with finding the diamonds.

You want to learn all the secrets of the old stone vault as well."

"Exactly so. I want to know who those foreigners are who hang out there, and what it all means."

"And I feel just the same way. Let's risk it and go there again to-night."

"We will go earlier. Midnight seems to be their time for arriving. We will be on hand as early as nine o'clock, my boy."

And on this plan the Bradys acted.

Early in the evening they once more started for Glendale.

It was a very unpleasant evening, having set in to rain about eight o'clock.

Shortly before nine the Bradys turned into the lane alongside of Mr. Jobs's house, and in a moment were within the cemetery enclosure.

They had watched their chance, and felt satisfied that no one had observed them.

"Do you know what I have been thinking, Governor," said Harry as they made their way along the narrow path.

"No; what?"

"That we made something of a blunder in examining the old house last night."

"How so?"

"Why, we came upon no attic. There must be one, for the roof slopes on both sides."

"That is true. We came upon no attic stairs. We will have a look into that."

Reaching the house, the Bradys stepped in out of the rain and stood waiting a few minutes to see if anyone was going to show themselves.

"We shall have to have a light," said Harry. "Shall I get out my dark lantern?"

"Do. By the way, there are no gable end windows to your attic."

"No; but there seems to be space enough."

"We will see what we can discover. Get upstairs with your light."

The detectives went over the top floor with more care than they had done the night before.

There was one door in the back room which had been nailed up.

This they had observed the night before, but they made no attempt to open it.

"This must come open," said Old King Brady. "Let's have that lantern! Ah, here's a discovery!"

"What now?" demanded Harry.

"The nails have recently been put in here."

"Why, that is so. They are wire nails."

"Exactly. Let me see; let me see!"

The plastering was all broken away around the door. After a moment Old King Brady thrust his hand in through an opening in the lathing and fumbled about.

In a moment the door shot outward, bringing the whole casing with it.



The thing had been set upon a pair of new and concealed hinges.

To the ordinary observer it appeared to be nailed fast.

Behind the door was a closet in which stood a ladder leading up to an attic sure enough.

"Good for you, Harry," said the old detective, after they had listened in silence for a minute. "Up with you now, and see what we have struck."

They climbed the ladder and found themselves in a low attic.

At one end the roof had sunk down, but there was plenty of space in front.

Evidently somebody was using the place as a lodging.

There was an old mattress, pillow, and blankets; a table, two chairs, some odds and ends of crockery, and a small store of provisions.

Besides these things there was quite a collection of old hand-me-downs, much worn clothing such as a tramp might pick up.

"Somebody's home," remarked Old King Brady.

"Some tramp," replied Harry.

"What's the matter with its being the home of our mysterious shadow?"

"By jove, I'd like to bet you are right! What if he should catch us here?"

"I should like nothing better. But probably he would go on the run. Much as he seemed to want to meet me when he wrote the letters, he seems afraid to do that now."

They prowled about, looking here there and everywhere.

Suddenly Old King Brady, who had been flashing his own lantern about and raising a loose board, put his hand down between the beams, and pulled up an old tomato can.

"Hello! What have you got now?" demanded Harry.

"Money! I saw that the board was loose, and I thought there might be something under it. This is what I have found."

The can was nearly full of quarters, halves, and dimes, all new and bright.

"Are they good?" demanded Harry. "Somebody may be doing a little coining here."

"Not here, surely, but perhaps we have solved one of the secrets of the old stone vault. Let us see."

Old King Brady got out the strong magnifying glass which he always carries, and began examining the different coins.

"They are struck pieces, and undoubtedly counterfeit," he said.

"Silver?"

"About two-thirds, I should say. They are no castings, however. They are made from dies."

What makes you so sure that they are counterfeit, Governor?"

"Because there are imperfections in the dies. Still, these coins would pass almost anywhere. Taken all in all, they are about as clever as anything I have seen in the way of silver counterfeits in some time. Yes, I think one of the secrets of the old stone vault has been surely solved by this."

"I don't see it. Why does it follow?" persisted Harry.

"Remember the trembling of the earth by the old stone vault?"

"Why, yes."

"I would like to bet that those fellows were working a coining press down under the ground."

"That would account for their presence."

"Certainly. Hush!"

"What?"

"Somebody coming! I hear footsteps below."

The detectives shut off their lanterns, and stood listening.

The footsteps halted at the door.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MYSTERIES OF THE VAULT.

The Bradys waited.

In a moment someone was heard on the ladder.

Suddenly the old detective flashed his lantern, and the light fell upon the face of their mysterious shadow.

He gave a startled cry and backed away.

"Hold, Mr. Billups! We are your friends! Don't be afraid of us!" called the old detective.

But there was no answer.

The shadow retreated with all haste.

With all haste, too, the Bradys got down into the rooms below.

But they were too late.

The man had vanished.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old detective. "That was badly managed business. I feel quite ashamed of myself. We jumped on him too suddenly altogether."

"Well, I don't know about that. If we had kept the light burning he would not have come at all."

"There is something in that, too. But I should not have called him by his name."

"Well, there is no use in staying here. Shall we get down?"

"Wait a minute. Perhaps if we make no move he may do so."

They waited ten minutes, and then a voice from below called:

"Hello up there! Hello!"

Old King Brady stepped to the window.



The shadow stood at some little distance from the house, close to the edge of the trees.

"Good-evening," said the old detective. "Won't you come up here and have a talk?"

"I will not," was the reply. "Mr. Brady, why did you not work by daylight, as I told you to do?"

"My friend, when you hire a doctor or a lawyer you don't tell him what to do; you let him do the telling. It is just the same with a detective."

"That is so."

"Of course it is so."

"I spoke for your own good. Those men will kill you if they get you."

"We have learned how to look out for ourselves, Mr. Billups."

"Who told you my name?"

"Your old friend, Miss Martense!"

"Alice! You have seen her, then?"

"Yes."

"You told her all?"

"Yes. She longs to see you. She wants you to come to her house."

"No!"

"But why? She is old and blind. She——"

"Oh, I know all that. She will lock me up again. I don't want to be locked up. I prefer the life I am now leading."

"She will not interfere with your freedom. She told me so."

"No. I will not go. Are you going to try to find the diamonds to-night?"

"Yes. Will you go with us?"

"No. You will have to work alone."

"Who are those men we saw last night?"

"I don't know. I never spoke to them."

"Do they make bad money there in the vault?"

"Not in the vault."

"Under it?"

"I think so. I don't know. They do something there. Once they left three cans of silver under a tree. I got them. I had to have money, so I stole the cans while the man's back was turned. If the money is bad I don't know it. I have been spending it ever since."

"Have you been in the vault?"

"Never. How could I get in? I have no key."

"Come with us to-night."

"No. I'm going away now. Don't go into my room again. I don't like it. I want to be alone."

"He turned away, but paused when Old King Brady called after him:

"Suppose we succeed in finding the diamonds, Friend Billups? How shall we let you know?"

"I shall know."

"But how?"

"Oh, no matter."

"But tell me."

"Well, then, if you will have it, I shall dream all about it."

And with this peculiar reply the shadow turned and disappeared among the trees.

"Bless him!" muttered Harry. "He is a hard one to do business with, that's sure."

"We shall have to let him have his way," replied the old detective. "That was as near to an intelligent conversation with him as we have come yet."

They went downstairs and out into the open.

It was not raining hard—just a damp drizzle.

"Can you find your way to the vault in the dark?" Old King Brady asked.

"I don't believe I could. How about you?"

"I'm sure I could not. You have been over the ground in the daylight."

"Just the same I shouldn't care to risk it."

"Out with your lantern, then. Keep it close down to the path."

Harry complied, and they pushed on to the old stone vault.

"Now let us work fast," said the old detective. "On account of the rain we are probably safe from the cemetery people, but I have little doubt that they will put a watch on the place owing to the trail of mud which that man Smith discovered."

"I believe you. If there are counterfeiters to be caught we want the honor and the reward."

"We shall do well if they don't catch us. Go for the door now. You have opened it once, do it again."

Harry turned the lantern over to the old detective, and produced his skeleton keys.

In a few minutes he had the door open.

They slipped in and closed it behind them.

"No. I would not even shut it if I was not afraid of the light being seen."

"We ought to have warning in case the counterfeiters come."

"Of course. You want to understand, Harry, that we are running a great big risk."

"Well, I understand it. I think one of us had better watch out while the other works."

"Perhaps we had. It will be your job."

"All right. Get ahead. I'll keep a sharp eye out, all right."

"Use your ears," said the old detective, and Harry left the vault.

It was lonely work standing there in the drizzle.

For half an hour Harry paced up and down.

Twice he looked in upon the old detective.

He found Old King Brady busily examining every inch of the stone wall at the back of the vault.

"Don't you think it is hollow behind there?" Harry asked.

"Not a doubt of it," was the reply. "But how to get the thing open is the question."



It was nearly ten o'clock when Old King Brady poked his head out of the old stone vault.

"Well, I've turned the trick," he said.

"You have?" Harry exclaimed.

"Yes. Come in. We will explore together for a few minutes, anyway. You have heard nothing outside, I suppose?"

"Nothing."

"Every instant we delay makes the risk greater. Come on."

Harry slipped inside.

Three stones fastened together in some way had come forward.

Behind Harry saw an iron plate.

There was plenty of room for a man to crawl through here.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "But look here, the spring by which this works is nearly new."

"Yes, and has been freshly oiled."

"I see it has."

"Have you attempted to go further?"

"No; but you can push that iron back. It is a door. I had it open. It swung to."

Old King Brady pushed the iron door back, and Harry crawled through into an inner vault.

The door was made of thin iron plates, and was full size, and consequently much larger than the opening.

"There you are!" exclaimed Old King Brady, jubilantly, as he came through the opening. "There is not the least doubt that we are now in old Randolph Martense's secret vault. This place was built years and years ago."

This chamber under the little hill against which the old stone vault had been built, was walled up with cobble stones on all sides, the only break being the iron door.

The roof was made of cement and carried one rusty iron beam running through the middle. *Too recent?*

The floor, like that of the main vault, was made of smooth flag-stones.

"This is a very carefully constructed place," remarked Old King Brady, as he flashed the lantern about. "Its age cannot be questioned. Here if anywhere the diamonds should be found."

"But the coiners? There is no trace of their outfit."

"None. We have only solved one of the secrets of the old stone vault."

"Shall you go ahead to-night?"

"Yes, I think so. There may be another chamber beyond this, but first I shall examine this floor. I see some of the stones are quite loosely set. That one next to you shows indications of having been pried up many times. I shall tackle that first."

"I suppose I had better get outside again?"

"Yes; it will be safer. I won't work here after eleven o'clock in any case."

Harry returned to his lonely watch.

"That inside vault was never built just to hide diamonds

in," he said to himself. "I wonder why the old fellow went to all that trouble. I suppose we shall never know the true reason."

The moments dragged slowly by.

Another half hour had about passed, when suddenly a white light shone out among the trees.

It was like the light of the shadow.

Instinctively Harry started for the door.

But a voice checked him.

"Wait!" it called in suppressed tones from among the trees.

It was the voice of the shadow.

Harry waited.

An instant later and the man appeared at the entrance to the path.

"How are you making out?" he demanded.

"Old King Brady has found an inner vault."

"Good! Good! Tell him to quit and come away. I have seen the ghosts again!"

"Ghosts!"

"Yes," said the shadow, waving his hand vaguely.

"They are all around us. One flitted through the trees here a few minutes ago. You did not see him, but I did. You did not hear him, but no footstep is so light as to escape my ears. What is more, he saw you."

"Ha! We are being watched?"

"By the ghosts. They are often here. It is not the same as when those men come. They are dangerous enough, but the ghosts are worse. You must go."

Thus saying, he waved his lantern and vanished among the trees.

Harry hurried into the old stone vault.

"Harry! Come in! I have found it!" Old King Brady instantly called from the room beyond.

Harry crawled through the opening.

There stood the old detective holding a small brass box, green with rust.

One of the flagstones had been turned over—not the one which he had pointed out to Harry, but on the other side of the vault.

"Quick, Governor! We must get out of here, our friend the shadow says!" Harry exclaimed.

The iron door swung to with a loud clang.

"We will go," replied Old King Brady. "You see what I have found in the hole under this stone."

"Don't let's wait. The shadow talks of ghosts flitting about. Unless he is away off we are being watched by someone."

"Did you see or hear anything?"

"Not a thing."

"It is probably only his imagination. I will close this opening. Then we will go!"

He put down the box and raised the stone, dropping it back into place.

He picked up the box, and Harry started to open the door.

To his utter surprise it resisted his efforts.



"We can't escape; the door is fastened!" gasped Harry.

A crash behind Old King Brady caused him to turn, still clutching his lantern and the treasure box.

Two doors in the wall had opened, and a band of ghostly figures glided into the vault.

## CHAPTER X.

### CAPTURED.

Whatever had happened to the iron door, there was no opening it.

The Bradys could not do otherwise than face the ghostly band.

There were five of the figures.

Long white sheets were thrown over their heads, dropping to the feet.

They were gathered in about the throat, and thus the faces were partly concealed.

But such childish business had no effect upon the Bradys, of course.

They knew that they were up against the coiners and nothing else.

For a moment the forms stood in silence.

Perhaps they expected the detectives to drop dead, but if so they missed their mark.

"Well?" said Old King Brady, breaking the silence at last, "what about this?"

"Vat about zis? Vat about you?" retorted one of the figures, with a strong foreign accent. "Vy you come here? Vy you no mind your own beeznis? Vere you geta de box? Vat about alla dat?"

"Open the door and let us go. We have no business with you, and you should have none with us."

"Nota so! I knowa you. You vas Old King detective Brady. So you butta in den you die. Ha, ha, ha!"

A diabolical laugh followed this speech.

Words were rapidly spoken in some foreign language now.

Instantly the speaker's four companions whipped out long knives from under their robes, and made a rush at the Bradys.

It was a critical moment.

Harry would have drawn his revolver, but Old King Brady by a secret sign told him not to do it.

He was satisfied that this was mere bluff, and so it proved.

Seeing that the detectives stood motionless, the leader spoke a few words, upon which the knives disappeared.

"Ha, you vas so brave men!" he said. "Ve vill nota a-killa you now. To-morrow, perhaps. To-night you shall tella me vy you coma here and vat you have found in data box. Valka on, Meester Old King detective Brady, and

you, too, boy. So you shall learn more secrets of dissa vault."

To attempt resistance would have been mere madness.

The four figures now retreated through the doors, which were just two boxes in which the cobblestones had been set with cement.

The mask, as we shall style the spokesman, waving the detectives through, they passed on to a smaller vault beyond, which was constructed in much the same style.

The four had vanished.

The Bradys found themselves with the mask alone when the doors were closed.

This room was rudely furnished.

There was a table, several chairs, an old lounge, dishes, and other things.

The place was ventilated by an earthen pipe extending through the roof.

"Putta down de box anda tella me all about eet!" said the mask.

Old King Brady dropped the box on the table, thankful that no attempt had been made to take away their revolvers.

Still, as matters stood, they would scarcely have dared to use them.

Although the four were invisible, the detectives could not doubt that they were close at hand.

"What about de box? What about de box?" cried the mask. "Where you geta him? Speak."

"Found it under the floor in that room," replied Old King Brady calmly. "If you ask me what is in it, then I tell you I don't know."

"But why you coma here? Why? You hear data treasure vas buried? Yes? No? Tella all."

"We heard that this vault was very old, friend," said the old detective. "We made up our minds to look about here and see what we could find. That is all."

"And enough. Understanda me. I am boss here. We want no one to looka around. In dese vaults I find many old tings. So I finda dem, den dey vasa mine. Dis vasa mine, too. I am boss here."

Old King Brady made no reply.

He was utterly at a loss what to do.

The mask picked up the box and carefully examined it.

The thing was made of wood covered over with thin brass stamped or hammered with grotesque figures of all sorts.

It was evidently old Dutch work.

"You gotta de key? No?" cried the mask, shaking the box.

It was rather heavy, and there were things rattling about inside.

"No, I have no key," replied the detective.

"You cana open it? Yes? No?"

"I can open it easy enough by breaking the lock," was the reply.



"Then do it."

Old King Brady took from his pocket a peculiar tool, and in a moment had pried up the lid.

Harry and the mask bent forward, curious to see what was inside.

And their curiosity was promptly gratified, for the box contained a handful of worthless pebbles.

"Only this and nothing more!"

Old King Brady heaved a sigh of relief.

At all events he was not bestowing a box of diamonds upon this masked coiner.

If the treasure existed, it still remained to be discovered.

"Vat vas dis?" cried the mask. "Noting but a lot of stones?"

"So it seems."

"But you tink to find someting else?"

"We certainly did."

"It is very strange."

"You know as much as I do about it."

"But I must know more."

"I can't tell you what I do not know."

"It is very strange, very strange."

"Suppose you let us go about our business now, seeing that nothing can be gained by keeping us here any longer."

"No! Say?"

"Say it."

"You meeta de crazy man? He tella you to come here?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"I believe you lie big. You meeta de crazy man. He tella you to come here."

"I think you are the crazy man, my friend. If you were a wise one you would let us go."

"We talka dis more bimeby!"

As he said this the mask suddenly whipped out two revolvers and covered the detectives.

Matters were evidently coming to a climax.

"You hava dese tings? Yes? No?" the fellow asked.

"We have," replied the old detective.

In fact, each had two revolvers, one at the hip and the other in a secret pocket.

"Put dem on de table," came the order.

The detectives each laid down a revolver.

"You gotta knife?" was the next.

Each laid down a jack-knife.

"Data all?"

"That's all."

"So you lie den you die."

"No lie—no die."

"Go over by de vall. Turn your pack. Puta up your hands above your head against de vall!"

This was done.

"No looka back!" cried the mask. "So you do den you die."

"All right, boss," said Old King Brady. "Hurry up now and do your worst."

The mask chuckled.

"You very brava man! Very brava man!" he cried. "Too bad you coma here."

The detectives did not answer.

In a moment they knew that the four had re-entered the vault, although so noiseless were their movements that it was impossible to tell from where or how they had come there.

They came up about the Bradys and began to search them.

What money they had outside their secret pockets was taken, together with a few other things of little account.

Then the order came to put their hands behind their backs.

This meant tying, and it was done.

Their legs were tied together next.

This done, they were tumbled over on the floor.

The order came for them to lay face downward until they had time to count two hundred.

Not a sound was heard, but when Harry rolled over, after having religiously counted his two hundred they were the only occupants of the vault.

"Come, we have made a nice mess of this business," growled Harry. "Here we have risked our lives for a lot of stones."

"It is very strange about that, Harry," replied Old King Brady.

"Do you imagine that box had been disturbed since it was originally hidden?"

"I doubt it. It lay in that hole beneath the stone, half buried in the earth."

"Did you raise all the stones?"

"Only three."

"Nothing under the one which you thought had often been raised before?"

"Nothing."

"Was there a hole?"

"Yes; but it was empty."

"How about the second stone?"

"There was no hole under that."

"Perhaps the diamonds were under the first, and have been taken away?"

"It may be so; but it makes little difference to us now."

"What do you think of our chances with these fellows?"

"Harry, how can I tell? We can only watch and hope."

"Confound them! If I had been a minute quicker we might have escaped."

"In which case they would surely have attacked us outside, and very likely have killed us."

"If there was only something which I could do," said



Harry, who was fretting more than is usual under trying circumstances.

"The only thing you can do is to slip the cords about your hands if you can."

"I am working on that now."

"Any hope?"

"Can't say; perhaps I may succeed."

Young King Brady's hands are unusually small, and, what is more, he has a trick of compressing them, which often enables him to slip cords when bound.

The mask had carried away the lantern, and they were entirely in the dark.

"How are you getting along?" asked Old King Brady, after a minute.

"I think I am going to make it, Governor; but even if I succeed, do you think we are going to be able to open that secret door?"

"Of course! We must do it."

"Then there is the other door."

"I can't understand what fastened it."

"Probably its fastening is connected in some way with the turning stone. One of the coiners may have pushed the stone back in place, and so closed the door."

"It is possible. How is it now?"

"Done!"

"Your hands are free?"

"Yes."

"Good! You have a knife in your secret pocket, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Be quick."

"I am working as fast as I can. Confound it! I can't seem to find the knife."

"Take your time."

"Just now you told me to be quick."

"Oh, any old way, Harry! You are singularly fussy to-night."

"I've got the knife! Hello! They are beginning their work."

A singular clanking noise was heard, and the floor began to tremble.

"It is a small coining press," said Old King Brady. "There is clearly a vault beneath this."

"Free at last!" cried Harry, in suppressed tones, and he sprang to his feet.

"I'll cut you loose now," he exclaimed.

"Before you do it see if you can open those doors, Harry."

"They may see light if I get out my lantern, Governor."

"Great Scott, boy, we have got to take our chances! Get busy and do it quick."

Fortunately Young King Brady had his lantern in one of the secret pockets.

He got it out and flashed it upon the doors.

What the original secret spring may have been it is hard to say.

Harry saw that the doors were hung on new hinges, and that there was a new spring lock of peculiar pattern securing the doors on his side.

He pressed it, but there was nothing doing.

Pressing still harder, the doors flew outward.

The movement was so sudden that Harry went with the doors, and fell sprawling upon the floor of the other vault.

His lantern was extinguished, of course.

He heard Old King Brady give a sudden exclamation.

He did not speak again, however.

Harry scrambled to his feet and groped for his lantern.

"That's the time I got it in the neck," he growled.

No answer.

"I can't find the lantern, Governor! Be with you in a minute. Oh, yes! Here it is."

The lantern was uninjured, and Harry turned and flashed it into the inner vault.

"For heaven sake, what has become of the Governor?" he gasped.

Old King Brady had disappeared!

## CHAPTER XI.

### MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF OLD KING BRADY.

For the moment Harry stood confounded.

What had become of the old detective?

He had heard no noise—not a sound!

True, he had been making a lot of noise himself, which might well have drowned other sounds.

"The coiners must have snaked him away somehow," he thought. "But if so why on earth did they leave me free to get out and sound the alarm?"

Here was the mystery.

And, indeed, there seemed to be no end to the mysteries and secrets of the old stone vault.

If Harry had gone back into the interior vault he would probably have very suddenly been made aware of what had become of the old detective.

As it was, he contented himself with flashing the lantern and looking in.

"Of course, it is the coiners; for some reason they have taken the Governor and left me out," he thought.

Something had to be done, and that on the instant, too.

"I need help here. I am going for the police."

It was probably the wisest decision, all things considered.

Old King Brady's ability to take care of himself is unlimited.

"The Governor will jolly them along for a little while,



sure," thought Harry. "Yes, I'll go for the police right now."

"That is, if I can get out through that confounded door," he added.

He turned to tackle it when all of a sudden the iron door swung back of its own accord.

At the same instant a white light shone in the opening between the stones, and there was the face of the shadow behind.

"Good man!" muttered Young King Brady, springing forward.

"You are alive?" whispered the shadow.

"Yes, yes! You are just in time. Pull back! Let me get out of this."

"Where is Old King Brady?"

"Something has happened. He is gone."

"It is the ghosts," murmured the shadow, drawing back.

"I knew something would happen. I told you so."

The passage clear, Young King Brady lost not an instant in getting through.

The vault door was open, and the way was clear beyond.

Harry went outside, pulling the door shut, but not locking it.

The shadow had retreated some little distance, and stood there."

"Tell me about it!" he said eagerly. "Did Old King Brady find the diamonds before the ghosts carried him off?"

"Let us get back out of sight and then I will tell you all about it," replied Harry.

Although he felt that he had not an instant to lose, he wanted to hear what Billups had to tell.

The shadow retreated along the path, swinging his lantern.

"Please put that thing out," said Harry, following. "It is sure to get us into trouble."

"They don't mind my white light. They are used to it. They never interfere with me."

"You promised that you would do what we told you. Old King Brady has got himself into trouble on your account. The least you can do is to do as I ask you, and help me to help him."

"No; I won't put the light out. I always use it in these woods. The ghosts know it. Those men know it. They never bother me."

"You have met and talked with them?" demanded Harry.

"I never talk with them. They don't bother me, and I never bother them. I won't put out the light."

Time was being wasted.

Harry was in despair.

"I am going away now," he said. "But I shall be back again. I——"

"Wait."

"Well?"

"Tell me what happened. You found something in there?"

"We found a brass box hidden under the pavement. It was filled with stones."

"Diamonds?"

"No, no! Just common stones."

"Oh! And the ghosts caught Old King Brady?"

"The ghosts, as you call them, caught us both. I managed to get away. When I started to look for Old King Brady he had disappeared."

"The ghosts carried him off. It is too bad. We shall never find the diamonds now, and yet I dreamed that Old King Brady found them, and my dreams always come true."

"I must go, Mr. Billups. I can't stay here."

"Where will you go? Don't you want to try and find Old King Brady? That is what you ought to do," said the shadow.

Harry did not dare tell the man that he was going for the police, for he could not tell what crazy thing he would do.

"That is what I want," he said. "I have a plan. I'll explain it to you later, but now I must go away."

"Come with me. I will show you the hole where the ghosts go back into the center of the earth. That is where all ghosts live, you know."

Here was something definite.

"Another way into the undiscovered vault, the coiners' den!" Harry thought.

Was it worth while to humor the man and make this discovery?

Harry decided on the spur of the moment to do it, anyhow.

At least it would give the police a chance to make their raid.

"Is it far?" he asked.

"Not very far. Only a little way. Probably they have carried Old King Brady with them. If that is so I don't believe they will bring him out again to-night. They might to-morrow night, though."

"Well, I'll go. Lead the way."

It was impossible to tell how much the man knew.

His strange way of expressing himself prevented that.

"Back out," said Billups. "We have to go on the other side of the vault. You must not attempt to come too near me."

Harry returned to the vault.

He could still feel the ground trembling.

Evidently the coiners were working their press.

"Singular they don't come after me?" thought Harry. "One would think that my escape would have put them all on the run. I can't understand it at all."

The shadow glided past him and ascended the little hill against which the vault was built.

Harry followed him down the hill on the other side.

"The hole is here," said the shadow, halting. "It is here somewhere. Let me see? I forget. I forget every-



thing in these days. I saw them come out of a hole somewhere near here. Yes, I did; yes, I did! Where is it? Where is it? So strange that I can't tell."

"He knows nothing," thought Young King Brady, beginning to lose all patience with the madman.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "did you come into the vault to find us?"

"Yes, certainly. You did not come out, so, finding the door open, I went in."

"Did you fasten the iron door?"

"What iron door?"

"Beyond the hole in the stones where you looked in."

"I didn't touch the door. You opened it and I saw you."

"Did any of those men go in after us?"

"Yes; one went in just a minute after you. He came right out again, though, and went over the hill."

"Did he lock the door?"

"I saw him lock it, yes; just the same it was unlocked when I tried it afterwards."

"He thought he locked it," reflected Harry. "Our using the skeleton key hampered the lock. They must think it is locked now. They must imagine that I am in there. I can't understand the situation at all."

"If you can't find the hole I must go," he added aloud. "There is no use in staying here."

"Let me look! Let me look! Perhaps I can find it."

"I'll give you three minutes. Then I go."

The shadow shuffled about, but he met with no success.

"I'm off!" said Harry at last. "Come now, like a good man, and light me down to the lane!"

"No need of that! Surrender, you blame body-snatchers!" a loud voice suddenly shouted.

There was a rush from among the trees, and nine men armed with revolvers jumped out.

The shadow dropped the lantern, gave a wild yell, and started on the run.

At the same instant one of the men fired.

There was a sharp cry.

Harry threw up his hands.

He saw that these were certainly not the coiners.

Either they were detectives or the cemetery employees.

"Don't shoot! I am a detective!" he cried. "I am here on legitimate business, and am known to Mr. Smith, also!"

"Stop that firing!" shouted one of the men, who seemed to be in command. "We don't want any of it unless it is necessary. Chase up that other fellow, some of you. I'll attend to this man."

Then they closed about Harry threateningly, while three of them dashed into the woods in the direction taken by the Bradys' mysterious shadow.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONCLUSION.

Young King Brady tried his best to straighten matters out.

He met with but poor success.

The leader of his captors would not let him get a word in edgeways.

He swore and berated him for a body-snatcher, threatening all sorts of things.

"Will you let me speak!" cried Harry, angrily. "I am a detective. I am Young King Brady. You have probably heard of the Bradys. There is my shield! I demand to know your name. I won't stand for such talk as you are putting up."

"I wouldn't believe a dozen shields! No doubt you stole the one you have got. As for you being Young King Brady, that's a lie on the face of it."

"And why?"

"Because it was Young King Brady who told us that you fellows were monkeying about here."

"I was with Mr. Smith in the old Martense vault this morning. It was he himself who discovered the mud trail on the floor."

This remark turned the scale in Harry's favor.

"Say, looker here, you couldn't have known that unless you really were Young King Brady," the fellow finally admitted.

"That is who I am."

"Even so, you have no business prowling about the cemetery at midnight. If you have work to do here you ought to have got a permit from the office."

"Great Scott, man! When a detective is chasing a band of dangerous coiners does he stop to holler for permits? Have some sense."

"Say, you don't mean that?"

"I mean just that."

"Who was that fellow with you?"

"A half-crazy tramp who holds out in the old Martense house. He put me wise to the game."

"Well, come; I take it all back. Put me wise. I'll help you out."

"It may be too late to help me out now; still, I want help, and must have it. So I accept yours gladly. What is your name?"

"I'm a Smith, too. The one you met was my brother Billy. I am Paul."

"That's all right. Now we understand each other. There are secret chambers alongside the old Martense vault, and under it. There is a gang of counterfeiters at work there now. They have captured Old King Brady, and we want to rescue him and capture them."

"But how did it happen? Tell me all about it. Then I will know just what to do. We thought it was body-snatchers, and I was sent here to watch."



"And seeing that fellow's light you promptly jumped at the conclusion that we were the body snatchers, and jumped on us."

"That is it. I admit that I made a mistake."

Harry rapidly told a story of their doings.

It omitted all reference to the diamonds, of course, and dealt only with the coiners.

Meanwhile the men returned with the report that they could not find anything of the shadow.

"And you won't find him," said Harry. "He is as slippery as an eel. The chances are none of us will ever see him again."

"Well, he can't stop in the old Martense house," declared Paul. "I'll blame soon break all that up."

"We want to get busy," said Young King Brady. "The coiners are liable to do up my partner at any minute, if they have not already done so. Are your boys good to tackle the gang?"

"They certainly are," replied Paul.

And they looked it.

A lustier lot of big Germans Harry had seldom seen.

"Of course, we can get into the secret vault I am telling you about and tackle the job that way," he said, "but if we could find this hole the tramp spoke of it would be the easiest way. The den of these coiners is underground. As I tell you, one can feel the earth tremble from the movement of their press."

"Let's look for the hole. You must take me into the vault afterwards, though, and show me those secret chambers. I shall want to see the whole business."

"We have got a big contract on our hands to capture the coiners first. If we come out of that all right I'll show you everything we discovered."

"Blame strange that we never knew of those secret chambers."

"Not at all. You people never thought of such a thing existing there, and so never looked for them, I suppose."

"That's about the size of it," replied Paul Smith, adding:

"Come, let's jump in and see what we can find around here."

"Be on the alert now," said Harry. "They are liable to come out on us any instant."

"We'll be ready for them," was the reply. "Don't you fret."

The men had four lanterns with them, and these were now lighted, and the search began.

"Keep around the base of this little hill," said Harry. "My idea is that it is artificial, and was built up by some old Martense a hundred years ago."

Paul grunted, not seeming to take much stock in this theory, but he took Harry's advice just the same, and the search was made around the base of the hill.

"Hold on!" cried Harry, who was using his own lantern and kept with Paul. "Surely this is something like a path."

He flashed his lantern down upon the ground at their feet.

"It's a trail, and it leads in among those bushes," he added. "Come on!"

A few steps brought them to the base of the hill.

Here, against it, lay a big flat stone, and against this stone ended the path, which was nothing more than a slight treading down of the grass.

Harry seized the stone and turned it over.

Behind it was a hole amply big enough for a man to crawl through, leading into the hill.

"By jove, that's what it is; a regular burrow," said Paul. "It has been recently made, too. You can see where they have piled up the dirt they took out. There is grass growing on it, but I don't believe it is older than this spring, either."

"Well," said Harry, "what's the word? Any of your bunch want to crawl in there and tackle a lot of coiners?"

"I don't, for one," grinned Paul. "That's a sure thing."

"Nor do I. Nor do we have to."

"What then?"

"Station your men here behind the trees. You and I will go into the vault and kick up a row, holler, and bang about, calling out about counterfeiters. That will send the gang flying out this way, and then your men nab 'em—see?"

"By jove, that's a clever idea! I believe it will work, too. I offer one amendment."

"Well?"

"Either you or I should stay here and boss the capture."

"I think not. I shall have to go to the vault in any case. You better go with me, and leave your men to do the fighting."

"Well, if you say so."

"The risk is equally great either way. Remember, we are liable to run up against this outfit in the vault, you know."

"How many are there of them?"

"Five."

"And we have eight men here."

"What is more, only one can come out at a time."

"I see the point. It shall be as you say."

Paul then called the men together and explained the situation.

They raised no objection.

In fact, they rather seemed to enjoy the prospect of a fight.

"Shall we shoot 'em, boss, if they draw on us?" one asked.

"Certainly; you will have to," replied Paul.

"And the Bradys will stand behind you," added Harry. "We are special agents of the Secret Service Bureau, and counterfeiters come right in our line."



It was thus arranged, and Harry returned to the vault with Paul.

Everything was precisely as he had left it.

The iron door was shut, and when Harry tried to push it open it resisted.

Young King Brady flashed his lantern upon it, and saw that it bound against the stonework at the top.

By pushing in another place it readily yielded, and they passed on.

The floor of the vault still trembled.

Evidently the coiners were working their press for all it was worth.

They pushed through to the inner vault, Paul walking ahead.

Suddenly he gave a yell, and Harry saw two of the long flag-stones of the floor drop beneath his feet.

Paul vanished like a shot.

"Great Scott!" thought Young King Brady. "That's how the Governor went!"

He stood for a moment uncertain what to do.

Then in an instant he saw another stone over in the other corner of the vault drop.

"The coiners!" thought Harry.

"Come on, officers!" he shouted. "Here they are! Quick! Shoot them down if they resist."

He just saw the top of a man's head appear at the opening.

It vanished on the instant.

Twice Harry fired his revolver in the air, and continued shouting.

Then he advanced to the opening, and looked down below.

There was a ladder leading into another vault below.

The place was dark and silent.

"By jove, they have skipped already," thought Harry. "I hope those grave-diggers get them—that's all."

Meanwhile the secret vault was anything but silent now.

A muffled voice was calling lustily:

"Hey! Help! Let me out of this! Hello!"

Harry got down on his hands and knees, and crawled over to the tipping stone, pressing it down.

"Harry!"

It was Old King Brady's voice calling now.

"Oh, you are there, Governor?"

"Yes."

"All right?"

"Not hurt a bit."

"And you, Mr. Smith."

"O. K., but I want to get out."

"I'll fix it in a second. The coiners have gone."

Harry flashed his lantern down.

He saw below a vault about eight feet deep, filled with all sorts of things.

Old King Brady, still bound, lay upon an old mattress; Paul was standing beside him.

"Yes, here I am," said the old detective. "It is a wonder this gentleman did not drop on my head; it was a narrow shave, I can tell you."

Harry let go of the stone, which, controlled by some system of weights, immediately swung back into place again.

He now descended the ladder, flashing his lantern before him.

Here was another vault, larger than all the rest.

It was deserted.

In one corner was a small coining press; there was also a furnace with a pot of molten silver simmering upon it, and many other things which conclusively showed that the place was a counterfeiter's den.

But more prominent than all the rest, stood out a big pile of struck half dollars in a box which rested upon the floor.

Harry caught up an iron bar, and hurried up the ladder, which he pulled up after him.

With the bar he braced back the turning stone, and lowered the ladder.

Meanwhile Paul had cut the old detective free, and they both ascended to the room above.

"I went down like a shot," said Old King Brady. "But for that old mattress I should be a dead one now, all right."

"We must get around and see if the coiners have been captured," said Paul. "We can't stay talking here. We will come back and look over this outfit later on."

They hurriedly left the place, and ran over the little hill.

Harry's plan had worked like a charm.

All five men had been taken, and not a shot had been fired.

The first three were caught before the others realized what was going on.

Even then the others came out of the hole meekly enough, feeling sure that they were being followed up from behind.

Old King Brady questioned them.

They proved to be Syrians, as he had supposed them to be.

The leader was white with fear, and immediately made offers to turn State's evidence.

The Bradys went with them across the cemetery to the police station near the Cypress Hills gate, where they were locked up.

Paul was now for returning to the vault, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

The Bradys went back with him, and a thorough examination of the premises was made.

The ghostly costumes were discovered, and many things of interest turned up in the den, all of which went to show that the plant had been operated for some little time.



The secret vault into which Old King Brady and Paul had fallen was next examined.

This was quite a different proposition.

Clearly here also had been a counterfeiter's plant, but it was immensely old.

Moulds were discovered, pieces of copper, and ingots of gold and silver.

The moulds were for the coining of the old Spanish "pieces of eight" and smaller coins. One mould was for the gold "Joes" which circulated in colonial times.

Besides these things there were two boxes containing counterfeit gold and silver coins which matched the moulds and were all of ancient date.

"So old Randolph Martense was a counterfeiter himself," remarked Harry, as they prepared to leave the old vault.

"So it would seem," replied Old King Brady. "But now let me see what made that stone fall as it did."

A brief examination solved this problem.

The two stones were welded together by an iron brace.

They were moved by weights, and turned on two pins set in the adjoining stones.

The whole had been operated by means of a secret spring which worked against an iron bolt.

And this bolt was rusted completely through.

It was three o'clock in the morning when they finally left the old stone vault and parted from Paul.

"Well," remarked Old King Brady, as they started along the path toward the old Martense house, "we did manage to clean that job up in pretty good shape after all, though while I lay down there a prisoner I never thought we should."

"It is one of the most peculiar cases we ever tackled," replied Harry, "and what is puzzling me now is to know what has become of the shadow."

"That is up to you."

"There was method in his madness after all, it would seem."

"Decidedly, yes. He may have come across some of old Randolph Martense's papers in Holland. It is hard to say."

"And you give up the diamonds?"

"Not at all."

"Then it would seem that to-night would be the time to search for them. If the cemetery people once get to pawing things over down there, and they are bound to do it before we can get around, then there is small chance of our ever seeing the diamonds, providing that they really exist."

"I don't know about that, Harry."

"Can you doubt it?"

"Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that I believe I have got the diamonds in my pocket at the present time."

"Great Scott, Governor! You don't mean it!"

"Oh, understand me, I don't say it is so, but I believe it."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you observe me slipping that odd little leather box into my pocket while we were examining the outfit in Randolph Martense's bad money shop?"

"Why, yes. You remarked to Paul that you wanted some memento of the case, and that you thought you would take that."

"Well, Harry, I opened that box; it is certainly full of sparklers of some sort. But here we are at the old house, and now to see what I have really got."

They turned in at the door, and seating themselves on the step while Harry held the lantern Old King Brady opened the box.

It was filled with glittering stones, red, white, blue, and green.

"They look genuine, and I believe they are," said Old King Brady. "And now let's go home."

\* \* \* \* \*

Old King Brady was right.

Diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires.

Such proved to be the contents of the little leather box.

Old King Brady submitted them to a John street gem dealer, who pronounced them genuine, and offered \$30,000 for the lot, for some of the diamonds were heavy old mine stones.

Old King Brady turned them over to blind Miss Martense, who subsequently sold them for the sum named.

Out of this the Bradys received a liberal reward.

The counterfeiters all got long terms in prison, and the detectives came into the government reward for their capture.

The days passed, and nothing was heard of Mr. Billups, until one day about two weeks later a dead man was found among the bushes not far from the secret vault.

The corpse showed a revolver wound in the left side in the region of the heart.

It was the Bradys' Mysterious Shadow.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND 'MUSTANG JOE'; OR, THE RUSTLERS OF RATTLESNAKE RUN," which will be the next number (407) of "Secret Service."

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